

Parent Trap by [lightbringer666](#)

Category: IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Holly Wheeler, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier's Parents, Stanley Uris, Ted Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Richie Tozier & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Mike and Richie pull a "Parent Trap", just to see how much weirder things get on the other side.

1. I'm Baaack

Author's Note:

In this, the encounter with It and El's disappearance occurred over the same summer, El had disappeared the Halloween before and Richie had the encounter with It a few months after. Mike decided not to go the summer that It had struck.

"Richie!" Karen smiled, hugging her son. After her divorce with Wentworth back when the boys were five, she had only been able to see Richie every other school holiday, when he'd visit Hawkins. During the others, Mike and Nancy would go to Derry. "I missed you, I haven't seen you in so long!"

"Well, I look just like Mike, so you've also seen me every day!" Karen rolled her eyes. It seemed that Richie had gotten his sense of humor from his father.

The twisted humor was what had originally drawn Karen to Wentworth, but in the end, his quirks had drawn them apart. When Karen left, the two went their own ways, off to different parts of the country, and separating their kids as well. She had gone on to marry Ted Wheeler, a man much more simple and routine, and had a little girl named Holly.

Richie adored Holly, a little human with a similar amount of energy whom he could tease and make jokes with. Richie had always wanted a little sister, but after the divorce, his dad didn't want any more children.

Richie smiled at his mother, pulling his bags up to the room that he and Mike shared while he was over. His mattress was already out and the 'Richie bedding' was placed on top of it. The bespectacled boy had flung his suitcase onto the mattress, allowing some of the items in the pockets to fall out before turning to face his brother.

"Mikey! How ya doin'?" Richie laughed, walking to Mike's bed.

"Richie! I didn't expect you to be here until tomorrow morning! Why didn't you tell me?" Michael looked to his twin, smiling and reaching for the inevitable hug as he scolded. "Is dad downstairs?"

"Yep, gotta run if you wanna catch the twenty he brought you!"

That made Mike rush off, down the stairs, probably more to say hi than to take the money, but the money was still to be given.

Richie began to set up, turning the little mattress into a proper 'Casa Tozier', meaning throwing his shit everywhere and flopping onto the bed.

"So, what's new, Double 0?" Richie asked, hanging off of the mattress a little. "Hear you've got a girlfriend!"

Mike nodded. "She's the best. Maybe I'll let you meet El before you leave."

"El? Mom told me that her name was Jane..."

"Oh, that's what the party calls her, it's a nickname we gave her forever ago," Mike laughed, a little awkward. Richie nodded. "We couldn't really talk much about her over the phone, so I couldn't tell you that."

"Why not?" Richie asked, a concerned glance turning to his brother.

"It's a long story, Rich. I'll tell you after dinner, the party's coming over. You didn't tell me you were coming. But, I'm sure they'd like to see you!"

Richie rolled his eyes. "I don't think half of them remember me, Mike!"

"I'm sure they do, Lucas and Will at the very least!"

"Aren't those your only two friends?" The taller twin teased.

"Hey! I have Dustin too. And El, and Lucas's girlfriend, Max. I have tons of friends!"

"You have five, Mike!"

"That's the same amount as you do!"

"Nope, actually I have six!" The boy's glasses gleamed triumphantly.

"Piss off!"

"Oooo, haven't heard you cursing in a while, Mikey. Glad to see you when you aren't all broody, like you were on Thanksgiving." Richie laughed. "I hear you told a teacher where to stick it."

"He was being a dick!"

Richie smiled and the doorbell rang.

"I've got it!" Michael yelled.

"Wait! Let's mess with them!" Richie had mischief in his eyes.

"How?"

The taller boy took off his glasses and pulled on one of Mike's beanies, successfully hiding his natural curly hair. "Grab me a sweater."

It clicked in Mike's head what his brother was doing. "Richie, we can't!"

"Why not? They don't know that I'm here yet!"

"But I can't prank my friends!"

"Come on! It'll only be a greeting, then you can get all emo again!"

"Richie-" Mike looked up to see his twin's puppy dog eyes. They matched his, especially without the glasses. Sighing, he handed him one of his sweaters. "Fine..."

A smile lit up on the older's face. "You're the best, little bro!"

"We're twins!" Mike called to him, but Richie was already at the door.

"Hey, guys!" He called in his best Mike impression (which was really good, but mostly because he just had to talk quieter) and open the door.

"Hey, Mike!" Lucas smiled, escorting a redhead in. Probably Max, since he was holding her hand. Will and Dustin went next, but a brown haired girl, likely Jane, or El, stared at him, her arms crossed.

"What's wrong, El?" He asked, his voice raising a pitch the way his brother's would.

"Not Mike..." She looked confused. "Who are you?"

"What? How did you-"

"What do you mean he's not Mike, El?" Lucas asked. "He seems like Mike to me!"

But the girl shook her head, scared. "Mike is upstairs... Who are you?"

"Wha-"

"Richie!" Will called out. "I noticed it was a little off, but it took a bit to hear it. I haven't seen you in forever!"

"You got me! I'm back, bitches!" Richie laughed, looking at his brother's friends. Will immediately went in for a hug, being the more sensitive and friendly one, he hugged back. "It's been a bit."

"El!" Lucas called. "Come in, it's just Richie! Mike's twin!"

"Twin?" El spoke as though she had never heard the word before.

"He's his brother, like Holly, but a boy and they both look the same!" Dustin smiled. "Perfectly harmless and perfectly natural, I swear. He won't hurt you!"

"Yeah, I won't bite!" He confirmed, before winking. "Or will I?"

"Beep beep, Richie!" Mike called from the stairs.

"I was just playing, Mike!" Richie turned to El. "Richie Tozier, I'm

Mike's brother, but I live in Derry, five states away with our dad."

"I thought your dad was here..." El was confused, one of her eyebrows raised.

"No, Ted is my step dad, El. My mom married him after my dad." Mike's voice was soft, relaxed in a way Richie had never really heard it before.

"Well, I'll leave you guys to mess around, I'm gonna go say hi to my darling sisters," Richie walked away, feeling a bit left out of the situation.

"Oohh, Hoollyyyy!" He shouted up the stairwell, stopping in his room to grab his glasses and lose Mike's clothes. "Guess who's heereee!"

He heard giggling from Holly's room and broke into a wicked grin.

"Hollyyyyy!" He flung her door open, lurching in before he stopped. Eyes wide, body tense, Richie froze.

"Richie!" Holly ran to her older brother, wrapping her arms around him, but he didn't move. He stood there, frozen, staring at the clown doll right in the center of her tea party table.

"Richie?"

No response. Richie ran from the room, flew down the stairs, simultaneously looking for the phone and trying to put as much distance between himself and that fucking doll as possible.

"Richie!" Mike called, concerned at the other boy's sudden outburst. Richie looked around, ignoring his voice in favor of inspecting the room, searching for any sign of It's presence. "Richie, what the Hell is wrong?" Mike asked, trying to calm his twin brother down.

"It - uh..." Richie thought for a moment. "It's nothing Mike, just Holly's clown doll. You know they spook me and all..."

"Richie, that wasn't 'spooked', that was panic!" Lucas said, trying to keep fear from his own voice. "What's wrong?"

"Really, it's just some weird shit, you'd never believe me..." Richie rolled his eyes in humor.

The gang exchanged a serious look, the kind that the Losers would exchange whenever somebody called Derry 'normal'. Will was the first to gain voice and respond.

"Try us."

2. That Prick

Summary for the Chapter:

Just some meeting the characters and mixing the groups, it's a bit slow.

The group stayed surprisingly quiet as Richie told the story of the previous summer. Not even questioning the demon clown or moving painting or the leper or how the bastard survived with a fucking *dent* in the side of his face. By the end of it, Mike had a supportive hand on his brother's shoulder.

"I guess you did the right thing, skipping this year..." Richie joked, ignoring the tears threatening his eyes. "I'm still terrified that the prick will come back. They're blaming Henry Bowers, that asshole that you met a few years ago, on the missing kids now. Apparently he went psycho and killed his dad and friends, but I wouldn't be surprised if it was all just It."

"It's all right, Rich. We all had quite a year, too actually. El, would it be okay to show him?" Mike turned to his girlfriend. The girl nodded, smiling softly as she extended her hand, exposing a wrist with 011 tattooed on it. Richie was about to ask about it when a tissue box began to float towards him. He jumped away, but it continued.

"You look sad," El said, paying no mind to her bloody nose. "Take one for your eyes."

Richie followed the girl's commands, thanking her. She grabbed one for herself to clean her nose as well.

"H-how?"

"Hawkins Lab. We don't know how many others there were, but apparently El met another, so we know there are more. She escaped two years ago, but she's only really lived in Hawkins a year," Lucas tried to make it sound casual.

"She was adopted by chief Hopper, stayed with him for a year." Will

continued.

"353 days," Mike corrected, showing he kept a damn count. "I missed her..."

The group and Richie exchanged different stories, from the normal to the abnormal to the paranormal. It actually felt really nice, for all of them, to share their stories and relate and correspond. Richie told about how he killed the clown and El about how she killed the demogorgon. Will talked about the creature who had possessed him, they all laughed about the major fucking PTSD they all possessed, it was all a nice experience, surprisingly. Like group therapy. Soon, everyone forgot that Richie wasn't someone who was always there. His jokes and obscure voices seemed completely typical by then. It was an hour, but felt like four minutes before the boys' mother called them upstairs.

"Richard! The phone is for you!"

"Oh, shit!" Richie sprung up. "Who is it, Ma?"

"He says his name is Bill!"

"OOO, my Losers! I'll pick it up down here!"

"Okay! Dinner in 20!"

Richie smiled wide, excited as he reached for the phone.

"How ya doin' Big Bill? I've missed ya!" Richie greeted, the phone resting on his shoulder, his voice being thrown around in what the rest supposed was supposed to be an accent.

"H-Hey Richie. You w-were supposed to c-c-call when you got t-to Hawkins!" Bill's stuttering voice was the first the boy had heard. The slipping syllables somehow comforting to Richie. *"W-we were beginning to-to worry."*

"Aw, worried about lil old me? I'm so flattered!" Richie's voice was thrown around in a joking manner, trying to humor his friend, who had a slight worry in his tone. It hadn't even been a year since the demon clown incident and honestly, Richie was nervous for his

friends as well.

"We just wanted to make sure you made it okay!" Eddie's voice rang this time not only through the phone, but the nearby radio as well. When Richie jumped, Mike pointed his brother's attention to El, who's nose was bleeding as she focused.

"Aw! Thank you, Eds! I don't know what I could have done to grant me the gift of your concern!"

"Just take it, Richie, there's not too many chances that you'll get it!" Stan quipped. It sounded as though the six of them were passing the phone around on high volume, even with the added quality from the radio.

"I'm wounded!" Richie laughed. "So, how are things back in Maine? I've been gone for a few days, has the world imploded?"

"No, but let's not chance it!" Beverly chuckled. She was visiting Derry with her aunt for summer break, it hurt that Richie would miss half of her visit, but he knew he could call her at any time.

"Yeah, we can't have you leaving us, Rich!" Mike smiled. He knew that Richie was insecure, had seen the missing poster in the house and, though it took some thought, knew that deep down, the idea of just disappearing was something the other boy couldn't stand.

"So, how is life so far in Hawkins? Your siblings drive you crazy yet?" Ben tried to keep the loop. *"You already ready to head back?"*

"Haha, I just got here a few hours ago, I've mostly been messing around with Mike and his friends," Richie's voice went a little quiet. "It's actually been really nice..."

"Well, don't get the idea into your head that you're staying! Already told you, Richie, you're stuck here for as long as we are!"

"You aren't stuck there Bev, you're literally visiting!" Richie seemed so open and relaxed. Mike wasn't sure he'd ever seen his brother that calm, or just, not bouncing off the walls at least.

"You know what I mean. Point, you can't stay!"

"Wasn't planning on it, besides, apparently everyone here is dating someone, except Will. But Mike says he's off limits. Apparently I'm a 'bad influence'." The words came out as a joke, but were still a tad worrying.

"Beep Beep, Richie!" Michael warned, patting Will on the shoulder.

"Yeah, Trashmouth, get your libido in check!" Stan sighed. Richie could practically see him shaking his head

"Trashmouth?" El asked. *Was it another normal mean word, like mouthbreather? Why would friends call him that? Isn't that mean?*

"Yeah, El, it means I talk too much!" Richie smiled. "He uses it endearingly though!"

"No, I don't!" Stan shouted.

"He loves me!"

"He's lying!"

"Now, would I lie?"

"Yes!" This time it was all of the Derry kids at once.

"The betrayal!" Richie's smirk never fell, even when the words exchanged by his friends were harsh.

"Well, I've gotta go back to my aunt's hotel room for dinner. Call me if you need anything Richie, love ya!" Bev's voice was soft and polite, but as playful as the girl usually was.

"Bye, Bev, and Ben I guess. Gotta walk your girlfriend home and all."

"Yeah, I'm sorry, night Richie"

"It's all good! Night guys!"

"Night, Richie!"

Richie hung up before any of the others could put the phone down.

"They seem nice.." Will smiled.

"They are..." Richie replied.

The tense silence of Richie's moderate homesickness was cleared up by Ted.

"Michael! Richard! Dinner!"

The entire group proceeded upstairs, where most left on their bikes. Will waited for his mother to pick him up. (She didn't like him out alone at night, he had said) and the evening was ended by a brief dinner where Karen and Nancy did most of the talking.

That night, as they headed off to bed, Richie proposed something. It was a pretty stupid, but also pretty fun and hilarious when thought out, plan.

"Let's switch places for a while..."